

A LION-HUNT IN ALGERIA.

A Grand Campaign Against a Man-killer.

By DR. J. H. PORTER.

However true or entirely justified by future events may have been Von Moltke's denial that campaigns against Arabs made good officers, there is no doubt of this country having been a fine school for sportsmen. Not long ago lion-hunting among the Atlas Mountains was, as it is now in Old Calabria, further south, more picturesque and fuller of varied interest than the chase could be anywhere else. Everything contributed to make it so. Vast and imposing heights, among which and at their base lay ruined monuments of the great and ancient day when this land was Rome's rival; these desolate fields, once conquered, her granary; those far-extending solitudes, now as then untouched by man, the preserves from which she obtained wild beasts to satisfy a fierce populace clamoring for "bread and the games."

Forests have grown where cities stood, silence is in those places formerly thronged with Numidian traffic-trains, and the lion lords it through regions which stirred with the endeavor and bustle of peoples who have passed away. His personality in tradition and folk-lore, his position with reference to thoughts or feelings belonging to every-day life, dominates every other individuality, be it that of beast or man. Lord paramount, indeed, was the lion among these wandering tribes. When men contended their herds they appropriated his title, and said "This part will be the Seigneur take," and if at any time resistance was made, it was with sentiments belittling contention against the power of a more than human foe. No fancy which fear suggested but was believed. No mental impression that courage, fevour, daring could make upon barbarians failed of its effect or ceased to exert an enduring influence. This was the place where the splendid realities of lion-hunting one might add that environment of mystery and imagination which gave actual occurrences an ideal charm.



HE LOOKED ALOFT, AND SAW HIS FOES' POSITION TO BE UNASSAILABLE.

Dwell upon the following scenes; consider these events in the fullness of their meaning, and try to picture facts as they actually occurred. A red sunset streamed over the black tents of a small Ouled Cassi camp, an Arab donar, standing at the mouth of a rock-walled and wooded pass, beyond which the Sahara stretched away, vast and lonely as the ocean. In manners, speech and costume, in all their belongings, his occupants were men antique of style and appearance as that dim old Eastern world whose early features they faithfully preserved.

"In the name of God the most element, the most merciful, it shall be as my friend wishes. The stranger who is with thee, he was committed to thy care; therefore let service be given willingly. Thus is it written, and I will seek the lion of Bar-Noured, rendering aid to my guest, lest he should die and perish, so that dishonor would rest upon us forever." Thus spoke the Sheikh, an old man, the oldest of the camp, an assembly of free warriors who were law. Thus after long parley Victor Beauvais got his wish, strengthening the chief's friendly sentiments and assuring himself of ready companions, with those gifts which among Orientals are so favorable accompaniments of every pact.

Next day at earliest dawn Sheikh Ibrahim mounted that beautiful mare, the pride and boast of his tribe, whose legendary pedigree went back without break or flaw to the white horses of the sun. A clump of pistachio outcrops along low mountains by tasseled coats, and swung themselves into their shaggy-backed saddles. Then off they went with shout and hoar, prancing, carolling and dashing about at the start in true Arab fashion.

Tales galore of this "Seigneur with the big head" were poured forth during their ride. One narrator exaggerated his size into gigantic proportions; another enlarged his fangs. Nobody was afraid, or, at least, to the extent of shirking; but the lion of Bar-Noured had become a semi-supernatural being in those parts, and his veritable deeds were such as to set Oriental imaginations on fire. There was enough of fact, indeed, about what was told to excite anybody, and when evening faded on those heights where his lion lay surrounded by heaped-up rocks his lion lay surrounded by heaped-up rocks his lion lay surrounded by heaped-up rocks.

Did not cordi tribesman know Yusuf, son of Mehdi, and his cousin, Abou Said—brothers both—who while prowling by night suddenly heard a sound as the sea when it moans in caverns on its shore? At which Abou, being quick-witted, leaped for a tree, whence he saw his slower companion torn to pieces. Hadji Korine also, a worthy man notwithstanding that he had made the pilgrimage, beheld from an overhanging ledge the terrible conflict in which this lion of Noured killed another nearly as large, and took his consort away. Truly it had been times out of mention, as guards with light around them in the moonlight saw thir pickets, that they feared to fire; for he had hurled himself over such barriers more than once, regardless of musket-balls or pitfalls.

No more could entangle a creature who practiced magic and possessed wondrous powers as satellites and aids. The tragedy of the Menouli, likewise, was of recent date. This man went with certain Franks southward, even to the Tunisian country, and having been spared by heaven, he returned swollen with insolence and inordinate pride. His mind was as that of a woman who has been preferred, and it was written that his destiny should be unpropitious. In an evil hour this unfortunate shot a panther, whereupon he was visited with madness, and desired to hunt "him with the big head" without assistance. "So, being deaf and blind by reason of his infirmity, this lost one dug a pit by the lion's pathway, covering it with heavy logs, and also stones set in beaten earth, imagining that it would make him secure; moreover, there were places to fire through. Having accomplished these things, he boasted greatly,

and departed from those who would have withstood his frenzy, straightway betaking himself to the place which destiny had appointed for a tomb. None know what happened on this night; but a search-party found the legs and stones scattered abroad; they also found certain fragments of Ras Menouli; moreover, the lion, being indignant, came down and killed Sidi Mohammed's black bull, which the Frank Commandant had presented on account of meritorious conduct.

Stories were told concerning the cruelty of this beast's murders, and of how people when surprised must have perished from fright—succumbed to the horror of those dreadful menaces be made while enjoying their agonies. Men, too, descended when in safe places, compelled by the power of his gaze. In short, everything about this animal was mysterious and preternatural.

Talking thus extravagantly, though with entire good faith, these adventures led into the lower gorges where a network of ravines ran among dark but richly-tinted escarpments, pinnacled peaks, rounded summits clothed with sumner forests, or steep slopes grown thick in underwood and brake. When they halted as the sun got high, to eat dried dates, unleavened bread, and cold kasson, Beauvais for the first time discovered what his companions contemplated doing; found out that they intended to fight deliberately; draw up in the way Gerard and Gen. Dumas describe, and provoke a charge.

These gallant though unskilful barbarians knew nothing about strategy, entertained no other idea than to do as their fathers had done before them. But fortunately this French comrade was no novice in such enterprises; therefore, on the strength of carrying a double rifle, and having won fame for prowess, he persuaded his associates to some improved maneuvers—placed matters on a footing that admitted human intellect to somewhere in what was about to take place, and raised their endeavors above those which Kaffirs or Congo negroes would have made under similar circumstances. As the day drew on there came a change of weather like that which often occurs during Autumn. A damp stormy wind blew in from the West—tem down, condensing vapors, darkened on the heights here—and there mist veils shut in caag or slip; while the mountain shade played to many-cadened tumult of eddying blasts.

The party followed their horses in a secluded dell, toiled up a rough, tortuous

HE GOT AWAY.

Did Not Want to See Gen. Wheeler as Much Then as Now.

"So they tell me you remember something about Gen. Wheeler in the civil war, Major. What was it?"

"Yes, I do," answered Maj. Page, "and while he and Gen. Forrest would have been pleased to see me if they had known I was there, yet at that time and under the circumstances I excused myself from such a distinguished honor; but I am going to see Gen. Wheeler before I leave the city and apologize for my absence when the roll was called that afternoon on the 25th of September, 1864, in northern Alabama.

"You see, it was like this: Wheeler had crossed the Tennessee River as an advance of Forrest and was threatening the railroad between Decatur and Elk River. Gen. Rousseau had marched from Paducah, Tenn., with a sufficient force to intercept him. One very dark night an important dispatch came to our post—Sulphur Branch, Ala.—for Gen. Rousseau, who was supposed to be between the Tennessee and Elk Rivers, was told. It must be delivered at once. Col. Lathrop, commanding the post, sent for me. 'Mr. Page,' he said, 'I have selected you as the bearer of this message. Take as many men as you like and a guide. When will you be ready?'

"I am ready now, Colonel," I answered, "and eight men will do." He handed me the dispatch, saying: "Whatever happens, do not let this fall into the enemy's hands, and I rode out into inky darkness and an unknown world to me at 10 o'clock, toward the confluence of the Tennessee and Elk Rivers, not knowing by whom I might be halted, friend or foe, for both were in my front somewhere.

"We were in the saddle all night, our ears strained for a sound, our eyes for the gleam of a campfire or bivouac, a comersign for friend, a flash for foe. In case of foe I had planned, either the loss of a man or two and the escape of the rest, with the dispatch, even if I had to be that man captured, or by strategy the capture of the enemy's picket. But the night went by without incident, other than in a gorge my horse lost his footing on some slippery shelving rocks and fell, almost crushing my leg. Daylight came; sunrise, and we halted.

"The road we were about to cross was beaten down by the hoofs of a large column of cavalry. I advanced a scout, who soon returned, reporting that they were Union troops and but a very short distance ahead. I pushed on and soon overtook the command, now halted. Riding up to the front I delivered the dispatch to Gen. Rousseau. After carefully reading it he asked: 'Where have you been?' I told him, briefly, for we had been that night on his front, flank and rear, from near the Tennessee, across Elk River, fording it twice.

"Didn't see anything of the enemy?"

"No, sir."

"Who's your guide?"

"This man," said I, pointing to a young colored man.

"Any orders or instructions, General?"

"None; you can go." And remounting, we rode on, passed his videts, and without incident or alarm reached the post.

"We thought the danger over, but a few days later, Sept. 24, a heavy cannonading to our south convinced us of the error. Communications were also reached. Capt. Randall and myself, with a small squad of mounted infantry, were sent to ascertain the situation.

"We found Athens, Ala., in the hands of the enemy and the railroad torn up. Under cover of trees and on foot, we approached near enough to see the smoke ascending with gray clouds. Early on the morning of the 25th their advance drove in our pickets, and as their lines tightened and inclosed on all sides we realized the odds against us: Eight thousand men and 16 pieces of artillery; we with 800 men and two pieces of artillery, an old 10 to 1. There was no chance of a fight, and I did not know what the word meant, and we returned their heavy fire determinedly.

"I had command of one piece of artillery, the only one opposed to Morton's battery—the crack battery of their Western army, I was told. How true their aim was you may know, for they hit our piece, once on the under lip of the muzzle, chipping off half an inch or so of metal, demolishing the sponge-bucket and striking the axle, but not with sufficient force to break it or disable the gun. We kept up our fire. Often their shells fired many solid shot—would whistle through the embrasure, almost grazing the gun.

"After the battle was over I went out and counted 26 distinct holes outside our line and around the entire camp. That was fine and good for us, but we were not so busy engaged returning these compliments as to be oblivious to all other surroundings. Their fire had slackened or ceased, which we interpreted meant that they had enough, until an Orderly came and notified us to cease firing, as the enemy had displayed a flag of truce. That was the last gun fired from that fort, and by my orders. After giving orders to replenish the limber-chest, and surveying the damage our angle had sustained, I looked around that slaughter pen.

"For our small force it had been a carnage of death; and now, standing at the door of Colonel's quarters, our Colonel's lifeless body lay on the ground nearby—I looked in and listened. A council of war was being held. Gen. Forrest had sent in his

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Creeping Consumption

Do not think for a single moment that consumption will ever strike you a sudden blow. It does not come that way.

First, you think it is a little cold; nothing but a little little cold; then a little loss in weight; then a harder cough; then the fever and the night sweats.

The suddenness comes when you have a hemorrhage. Better stop the disease while it is yet creeping. You can do it with

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

You first notice that you cough less. The pressure on the chest is lifted. That feeling of suffocation is removed. A cure is hastened by placing one of

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster over the Chest.

A Book Free.

It is on the Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Write us Freely.

If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly receive, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, with a book free.

DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

Send me a copy of your book.

My name is _____

My address is _____

My occupation is _____

My age is _____

My sex is _____

My date of birth is _____

My date of death is _____

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APPRECIATION OF THE VETERANS.

Gov. Roosevelt's Speech at the Soldiers and Sailors Home at Bath, N. Y., Gov. Roosevelt had an enthusiastic reception by the 14,000 veterans, and in his speech to them he said:

"Fellow-comrades: There is no distinction of glory which has come to me or which I may ever hope to win which I shall prize one-half as much as having the right to call you comrades. I should think that in him lies for the country who did not feel his heart warm and his face kindle when he sees you—as he realizes what you have done, and what your presence here means. But though every American citizen must, or at least ought to, realize that, it must be realized in a peculiar fashion by those who have themselves fought, even though in a very small war compared with yours. You fought for years and we only for months. There are many of you present here in the hall who saw literally a hundred battles, while in the Spanish war we saw only one. But, after all, it is the spirit and the purpose that count; it is the fact of a man being willing to do his duty in his life for the country, for the flag and for the cause for which he is willing to shed his blood; and I saw in the Regular Army and in the volunteer service in the Spanish war the same quiet heroism, men losing their lives with entire indifference to aught excepting the country's honor, in a way that showed they were fit to be the sons and heirs of the men who showed their devotion through the four long weary years from 1861 to 1865, that the flag which had been reared in sunder might once more be made whole." (Applause.)

Enemies of the Rattler.

The two greatest enemies of the rattlesnake are the blacksnake and the hog. The rattlesnake is slow and sluggish in movement, while the blacksnake is intensely rapid. The latter will circle around his foe and with a sudden dart grasp the venomous reptile by the neck, so that it has no chance to use its poison. It is made by the blacksnake to die. A hog, especially a fat one, suffers no danger from the rattlesnake. He will march boldly up to the coiled reptile, and show him the tip of his nose. The snake, once, twice or three times, as the case may be, and will then calmly proceed to swallow the reptile without concern. The reason for the hog's immunity is due to the fact that the blood vessels in his minute and infrequent on his cheeks, where fat is predominant, that they fail to take up the poison and carry it through the porous system. Hogs have been used in droves to clear some of the islands of the southern seas of poisonous reptiles, and have proved successful.

By remembering two simple facts anyone can distinguish a poisonous serpent from a harmless one. The venomous reptile invariably possesses a triangular-shaped head, and a blunt nose, while his tail is correspondingly blunt and stubby. Any snake that tapers smoothly from the middle of its body to the tip of its nose and to the tip of its tail as well, growing slender in a gradual and regular manner, is absolutely devoid of venom.

Advantages of Direct Buying.

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